Beaver & Gephart

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BY THE RIVER.

River, O River, that singeth all night,
Nor waitest thou for light
To pour out thy mirth
Along the chill earth,
The words of thy song let me know.—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River with swell and with fall,
Thy musical call
Waketh, summoneth me;
What thought is in thee
That lulls me, yet rouses me so?—
"I come, and I go."

River, O River, a word thou must give
To help me to live.
"Then sing on thy way:
Sing the joy of To-day—
Time's ripple, Eternity's flow:
I come, and I go."

River, O River, thy message is clear.
Chant on, for I hear.
"What the mountain gives me
Bear I forth to the sea.
Life only is thine to bestow.
I come, and I go."

River, O River, thy secret of power
I win from this hour:
Thy rythm of delight
Is my song in the night:
I am glad with thy gladness; for, lo!
I come, and *I* go.

A WOMAN'S STORY.

It had rained all day a dull, depressing pour-down; but just now, as the day was ending, the sun saw fit to burst out from behind a pile of jagged black clouds, and flood the little planet below with crimson glory, The far-spreading sea shone like an ocean of flame; and all the western windows of the old farm house were flecked with the crimson glory.

Janet Stuart stood looking out at the radiant western sky, her heart in her eyes. The red light went shifting in fiery lances through the thick masses of blue black hair, and flashed back from her deep, strong eyes. She stood there looking fixedly out at the lurid light, her back turned to the pair at the piano, talking and singing softly in the April twilight.

One of these was Miss Ingestre, their New York guest—a delicate, fairy figure, not at all like Janet's; a delicate rose-bloom face looking out at you through a halo of pure gold hair; the other, Mr. Etheridge.

Now the pair struck out into a duet. Softly and sweetly came across the room the delicious Italian song, a song full of passionate pain. Out of the western sky slowly faded the crimson sunburst, gravely crept up the twilight, palely gemmed with stars.

"Darkening!" Janet Stuart thought, with weary eyes, that never left the steel-blue sky. "Darkening—like my life!"

It faded entirely out, the last flush of the dying day. The stars swung into the blue black concave; and a pale, young crescent moon sailed serenely up to the zenith. And still, while the day faded and the night came, the twain at the piano never stirred. Their low laughter, their half-whispered words, their soft singing came to the listener's ear; but she never looked at them. She sat colder and whiter than snow, her still hands folded.

"He promised to love me and be true to me always," her heart kept crying; "and see how he keeps his word!"

"In the dark?" called a cheery voice, and old Mr. Etheridge came in.

He was the owner of all the broad acres that spread right and left; and his nephew, Ernest, was the sole heir, for his wife had died nine months before and there were no children. Janet Stuart was his adopted daughter, of course; but she was to marry handsome Earnest and reign in the fine old homestead, where all her happy girlhood had been spent.

"In the dark, you three young owls!" called Mr. Etheridge. "Jennie, lass, where are you? Leave off billing and cooing, and ring for the lamp."

He looked over at the piano, and the two heads so close together separated suddenly. A tall, dark figure rose from the window.

"I'm not billing and cooing, Uncle" Janet rang for the lamp as she spoke this, and Miss Ingestre fluttered off the piano stool.

"Oh! so it was you, little Eva, and not Janet. I want a wedding in two months; and you mustn't cut Jennie out."

The red blood mounted guiltily to Earnest Etheridge's face, but Miss Ingestre's musical laugh chimed softly through the room. Janet sat by the table, fixedly pale, her eyes bent on a book; but the printed page danced before those eyes; and Miss Ingestre's faint, sweet voice, chattering pretty nonsense, with her blue eyes fixed on the old man's face, sounded in her ears like the rushing roar of a waterfall. By and by some neighbors dropped in, and there was more singing and some dancing; and Janet played waltzes, redowas and quadrilles until the midnight hour struck; and she toiled up to her room, too fagged in body and mind even to think.

But she was up early for all that—up with the April birds singing in the scented trees outside, and down on the sea, shore, staring with dreamy eyes over the dancing sea. How bright it was all sparkling in the bright sunlight, with the saline winds strong and sweet, and the fishermen singing as they cast their nets, and the noisy children, rolling in the warm sands, filling the air with their glad shouts.

"Oh!" she thought, "What happy creatures there are in the world! Men who love, and are never false, women who trust, and are never betrayed. And I—to think I should have staked on one throw—and lost!"

A man's step came crunching over the sand—a man's clear voice singing, "O'er the muir amang the heather," on the shrill wind. She knew both step and voice, but she never turned.

"Janet!" cried Ernest, "I thought I should find you here. I know what heathenish hours you keep, and what heathenish places you frequent."

She never answered; her eyes were fixed on the far sea line, her lips closed in nameless pain. He threw himself on the sands at her feet, and looked up with laughing blue eyes in her changeless face.

"My solemn Janet! What has come over you of late? Where has your sunshine, your sparkle, your youth, your smiles, your color gone? Tell me what it is, Janet?"

"Nothing you would care to know."

He shifted uneasily; his eyes left her pale, still face, and wandered seaward.

"You know I am going to-morrow, Jennie?"

"Yes, I know."

"I wanted to speak to you before I went, Janet; that is why I got up at this unchristian hour, and looked for you here. I don't see the necessity of hurrying our marriage as uncle Etheridge wishes to hurry it—we are both young enough to wait. I should like to spend this summer in Switzerland and Italy, if you have no objection."

"I have none."

"And when I come back in the autumn, Janet, you will be my little wife?"

She rose up straight and looked in his handsome face for the first time.

"No," she said, steadily, "I will never be that. Here is your ring, Mr. Etheridge, and here we part."

"Janet!"

"He sprang to his feet and stood looking at her in surprise, in a sort of error—in nothing else.

"Here is your ring—take it. You will not? Then let the waters take it, less faithless than you!"

She drew the band of gold, studded with brilliants, from her finger, and flung it far into the sea.

"Janet, listen to me, Janet—good heaven!—are you mad?"

"I would be if I listened to you. Go, marry Eva Ingestre to-morrow, if you like! What is it to me?"

She turned and walked steadfastly away, leaving him there, a petrified gazer. Straight up to her own room, and then sank down by the window, her arms dropping on the table, her face lying on them. Not in tears, not in womanly sobs; only in mute, deadly pain, weary of life, of herself, of the sunshine, of all the world.

"False!" her tortured heart kept crying—"false! And I loved him so dearly—so dearly."

The breakfast bell rang. She rose up and went down, a little paler, a little stiller than her wont—nothing more.

Old Mr. Etheridge was there, bright and lively. Miss Ingestre was there, chattering like a magpie, her pretty ringlets freshly perfumed and curled, her roses at their brightest. Ernest was there, silent and sulky, but glad, if the truth must be known, that he was well out of the scrape.

"She gives me up of her own accord," he thought with a sense of injury; "nobody can blame me. I'll speak to Eva after breakfast."

But he was forestalled. After breakfast his uncle carried Eva off, to get her opinion about some ornamental gardening to be done, and his tender declaration had to wait. Janet attended to her household duties; and then, with her work-basket, went and sat down by the open window; presently the aching eyes closed in dull, dreamless sleep.

With voices in her ears, she awoke—voices that blended with her sleep, and that confused her. They came from the garden—the voice of Earnest, tender, pleading; the voice of Eva, sweet and clear.

"Marry you, Earnest! Good gracious me! What an idea! And you engaged to that solemn Janet?"

"She is engaged to me no longer; she has broken off of her own free will—jealous of you."

"And you want me to take what another lady rejects! Flattering, really! Athousand thanks, Mr. Etheridge; at the same time—no."

"Eva! Eva! For Heaven's sake, listen to me! I love you with my whole—"

"Heart! Of course you do! And you will break it because I refuse? I shall be shocked and disappointed if you do not. There! There! Don't coax. I can't marry you because I am going to marry your uncle! Now, the truth's out!"

Janet rose abruptly and closed the window, fully awake at last.

"I never thought of that," she said, on her way to her own room. "I might have seen; but I never thought of that."

She kept her chamber until dinner time, and then went down to preside at the table with that fixed and stone-like face. Only her uncle and Eva were there.

"To think the boy should go off five hours earlier than he need," Uncle Etheridge grumbled. "Janet, how can you allow such capers?"

Miss Ingestre looked at her, a malicious smile on her rosebud lips. Miss Stuart met the look steadfastly.

"Mr. Ernest Eldridge's comings and goings are nothing to me; he is free as the wind that blows. But when am I to congratulate you, my good uncle?"

Mr. Etheridge stared — laughed—looked at Eva.

"So you have told her, pussy?"

"I protest that I have done nothing of the sort," cried the amazed Miss Ingestre; "but then she is a witch, and knows everything."

"Precisely. And when is it to come off?"

"Well, since you have divined it, in three weeks; and you must be first bridesmaid, Jennie."

"With pleasure, Miss Ingestre."

"I'm afraid you'll find it rather dull during our absence, Janet," her uncle said. "We're going on a three months' bridal tour, and——"

"And I am going to New-York. My dear uncle, don't say a word, I have set my heart on it. My old nurse lives there. I will lodge with her; and, really, life in this stagnant village is growing insupportable."

So it was settled; and duly the wedding came off; Eva, the loveliest of brides, Mr. Etheridge the most ecstatic of old addleheaded bridegrooms, Janet Stuart the stateliest and calmest of bridesmaids. Then they were gone—off to Paris to begin with; and Janet said good-bye to the old homeroad, and was whirled away to the mestpoetlis, where she was soon busy in the precarious venture of writing a book.

Another summer, and it came out and was a brilliant success. Another, and a second followed; and Janet Stuart woke up one morning and found herself famous. Rich, too, or comparatively so, and able to gratify the desire of her heart and go abroad to fair, foreign lands, with an admiring party of literary friends. Once—ah! how long ago it seemed now—she had thought to wander through these storied nations as Ernest's happy wife.

So the world went round, and the years went by, and ten of those years had been counted off the great rosary, when Janet Stuart came back to her native land. Wealth and fame had crowned her; but she came back Janet Stuart still, true to that old dream, a saddened and lonely woman.

There were changes before her. Her uncle was dead; his young wife all his vast wealth had inherited; the fine old homestead was for sale, and Ernest was—where? No one knew; he had gone to Australia, having quarreled with his new aunt, and consdquently witb his old uncle; that was all Janet could learn.

Janet Stuart went back to the village of her girlhood, purchaser of the fine old homestead where her happiest years had been spent, and settled down among the familiar sights and sounds to contented old maidenhood. There were friends there still glad and proud to welcome her—and she could do good; and with her "gray goose quill" and her piano and her pets she was happy.

She stood in the May twilight under the sycamore by the gate, one radiant evening, six months after her coming, tying up early roses, and singing softly, when a man came slowly up the dusty road and looked at the pretty picture. A man who was bronzed, haggard, weather-beaten, and but poorly clad, with his cap pulled far over his eyes—handsome blue eyes still. He paused at the gate, weary and pale.

"Janet!"

She turned round, with a shrill, low cry, dropped the rose vine, and caught both of his hands her face more radiant than the sunset sky.

"Ernest! Oh, Ernest! Ernest!"

"And you are really glad to see me, Janet?"

She opened the gate, her happy eyes shining luminously, and drew him in

"Did you know I was here!" she asked.

"Yes; why else should I have come? But I did not mean to intrude. I only wanted to look upon your face once more before I went away again."

"Went away! Where?"

"Back to Australia. I am poor, and can do nothing here; there is still an opening there. And before I go, dearest, bravest Janet, tell me that you forgive me for the past."

His voice broke down; the old love, stronger than ever, looked at her imploringly, hopelessly out of his eyes. She stood before him, her hands lightly on his shoulders, her dear face smiling up at him so tender, so true.

"You must not go; you must not leave me! Dear Ernest, I don't forgive—I only love you!"

Later, when the moon was at its highest, and the last lights were dying out of the homestead windows, Ernest Etheridge walked up the peaceful moonlit road to his hotel. But with, oh! such an infinitely happy face, and singing as he went along:

"Say I am old, and gray, and sad:
Say that health and strength have missed me:
Say I'm poor, but also add—
Jennie kissed me!"

Humping Along.

Last summer as a northern man who was looking up land in Alabama was riding along the highway he met a father and son riding at a furious gallop and both armed with shot guns. They drew up as they reached him, and the old man called out:

"Say, stranger, hev ye met a young man and a gal riding the same mule and humping along as if Satan was after them?"

"No."

"Well, my darter has eloped with Bill Gordon, and Sam and me are trying to git within shooting distance before the knot is tied."

"Ah? Why, that couple were being married in Blankville as I came through there an hour ago."

"Did the gal hev on a blue waist?"

"Yes."

"And was it a cream mule?"

"Yes,"

"And it was a tall fellow with a skeered look?"

"It was."

"That was them, stranger, and I'm much obleeged. Sam, we're too late to stop 'em, and the only satisfaction we kin git is to let our hosses jog along into town and shoot the preacher arter we git thar!"

Gimme that Pen.

One day, in a 'cow case,' at Wabash, Indiana, the judge was in a hurry to go to the races over on the Fair grounds, and he put on his hat before the lawyer for the plaintiff got half through and said:

"There, John, you can dry up now; I've heard enough about the case, and I'm going to decide against you."

"But, your Honor," expostulated the lawyer, you can't decide against me; the law is all on my side."

"Law! What do I care about law? This ain't no law office, sir; this is a justice office. If you want to practice law, go to a law office."

"But, Judge, you can't decide this case against us, I say, the law is all ——"

"I can't hey?"

"No, it's impossible."

"Who says so?—gimme that pen."

Lime as a Preservative.

It would be interesting to record the many evidences of the value of lime in arresting decay. As long ago as 1769 a Mr. Jackson, a chemist, obtained permission to prepare timber for the shipyards, by immersing it in a solution of salt water, lime, muriate of soda, etc.; another practical experimentalist suggested slaked lime, thinned with a solution of glue, for mopping the timbers of a ship. The preservation of timber has been attempted by surrounding it with pounded lime, and several attempts have been made to preserve timber by the use of lime. Mr. Britton, in his work on "Dry Rot," mentions a number of cases where lime has been of service. He says, "quicklime with damp has been found to accelerate putrefaction in consequence of its extracting carbon; but when dry and in such large quantities as to absorb all moisture from the wood, the *wood is preserved* and the *sap hardened*." "Vessels long in the lime trade have afforded proof of this fact, also examples in plastering laths which are generally found sound where they have been found dry." The joists and sleepers of basement floors are rendered less subject to decay by a coating of limewhite; and this might be renewed at intervals. The same writer adds, "it does not appear practicable to use limewater to any extent for preserving timber, because water holds in solution only about 1-500 part of lime, which quantity would be too inconsiderable; it, however, renders timber more durable, but at the same time very hard and difficult to be worked." These facts are instructive; they show, at least, that lime in a sufficient quantity kept dry is a valuable preservative agent, and some practical chemist might earn a deserved repute if he could prepare a lime solution that would be capable of rendering so substantial a service to all builders. Such a solution would be at least sufficiently remunerative to make it worth while to try a few experiments in this direction. It is stated on good authority that the white ant in India costs the government £100,000 a year for repairing woodwork, bridges, etc., caused by its depredations. Concrete basements have been found to resist the encroachments of the ant. Dr. Darwin proposed a process of timber preservation some years ago, in which an absorption of limewater was effected, and after that had dried, a weak solution of sulphuric acid, so as to form sulphate of lime in the pores of the wood. The growth of dry-rot or fungus on timber has been prevented by limewater, and many instances have been mentioned of its value. The cleansing and sanitary virtues of lime are more generally known. The painter uses limewater to kill the grease upon his work instead of turpentine; and soot stains on the outside of flues have been removed by the agency of thick warm limewash. The value of limewhite as a wash for walls, as a purifier of the air in sheds, stables, and other buildings is unquestionable, though all limewashed roof-timbers have rather a rough and penurious look. As a preservative coating to the joists of floors and other timbers not exposed to damp, it seems worthy of a more extended trial.

In The Canyon.

A muttering of the Heavens—a trembling of the earth—the growling of a million mad forces deep down under hill and valley. This is the warning.

A rocking to and fro—a weaving this way and that, as if hill-tops were drunk—a rumble—a roar—a shock so mighty that giant trees are but jack-straws to its influence. That is the climax.

In that convulsion mountains were rent and split and shivered, and canyons were born—dark, dismal and cold. A canyon is a highway into the heart of a mountain. It may be 200 feet broad at one spot and not more than three feet at another, but it is always full of death. You may look up from the rocky path and count the stars at noonday. You may walk for miles and see no place where a panther could scale the rocky walls.

See how suddenly this canyon widens from six to sixty, jumps a distance of fifty feet and narrows again. This makes a rocky bed sixty by fifty feet. Its walls are 300 feet high. A bird would have to make a powerful effort to rise out of this canyon. Daylight beats down into this rocky square, but only faintly. You would have to look closely to read the coarsest print. You would be nervous and wary, and the drip! drip! drip of water from a crevice in the left hand wall would startle you as it first struck your ear.

A body is moving up the canyon with cautious step and watchful eye. It is a man with grizzly locks, semi-Indian dress, face scarred and tanned. His sole weapon is a hunter's knife, which he carries open-handed and with a firm grip. Some great danger coupled with accident has driven him up the dark rift, and he carefully scans the rocky walls in hopes of an escape that way.

A body is moving down the canyon just as cautiously and with eager eyes. It does not scan the walls, but it sniffs the heavy air, tosses its head, and opens its mouth to show a great red tongue and fangs which can meet each other through the leg of a horse.

It is a grizzly bear, angry as they always are—hungry as they ever seem to be—ready to attack any foe that God ever made.

One walks up the rocky path slowly and cautiously.

The other creeps, crawls and ambles, sniffing its prey, but it is not able to locate it.

The fall of a pebble from the wall would have halted one and sent the other running back, but no pebble fell. No bird uttered a note. The wind had ceased sighing through the lonely chasm. When the two bodies debouched upon the rocky square they faced each other with no sound between them but the drip! drip! drip! of water striking the hard rock

It was light enough to see the hunter's face grow white as he looked into the blazing eyes of the body opposite. Retreat! He could not run a hundred yards before those terrible claws would sink into his flesh. Retreat? A grizzly bear would not retreat from the front of a marching army. They must fight it out.

"Drip! drip! drip!"

There was time for a shot, but the heavy rifle had been lost or thrown away. No revolver, no hatchet—nothing but a knife like those found upon the butcher blocks.

Not a word from the man, not a growl from the bear. But for the monotonous plash of the water it would have been the silence of the grave.

One—two—three minutes. Are they going to face each other forever? Have they turned to stone that they have neither hand nor paw?

"Drip! drip! drip!"

It acts upon both at the same instant. It is a monotony which strings up the nerves and excites desperation. Of a still night, when the only sound is the tick! tick! tick! of a clock, the sound will unstring the nerves of men and excite a feeling of anger.

Sixty by fifty feet, with a surface as level as a floor. Neither had selected the spot, but it could not be better. Plenty of room for the hunter to dodge, spring and retreat—a splendid surface for the grizzly to sharpen his terrible claws!

"Drip! drip! drip!"

They advanced as if one lever moved and controlled both. Not a growl from the bear—not a muttered word of despair from the man. They meet half way. The bear rears up, strikes, gnashes his teeth. The hunter strikes, dodges, retreats. There is blood on his knife as they back away from each other to breathe. If the man would shout—if the bear would growl—but they will not. As they look into each other's eyes and rest the stillness is so deep that the earth seems to sleep.

Forward again! The knife is wet again, but not the knife alone. These long, sharp claws are red with blood clear to the roots. Why didn't the man scream out when they tore cloth and skin and flesh and muscle from his shoulder? It would not have been cowardice, and yet he did not even groan. Red blood oozed out and stained the bear's half white coat, but he lay down on the rocky floor and licked that other blood from his paws. It was a long rest, but the silence was not so oppressive.

"Drip-drip! drip-drip! drip-drip!"

First the water—then the blood from that mangled shoulder. It was an awful sound, and yet the ear took no notice of it. Man and bear glared at each other and rested and moved to the third attack. It lasted longer than the others. Knife and claws and teeth found blood but there was no word—no growl. When they had moved back the knife fell from the hunter's hand. No wonder, when the flesh had been stipped to the bone from shoulder to wrist. He did not totter and weave about in his weakness, but sank slowly down like a mighty tree yielding to the inevitable.

"Drip! drip! drip!"

Only the single sound now. The other was lost in the pool of blood creeping over the rocks, its centre the man who could no longer stand. This pool spread and spread, and by and by it mingled with darker and thicker blood.

Eyes kept fast hold on eyes, and the drip of the water sounded fainter and fainter. One pair of eyes began to loose their fury. Despair and desperation began to fade from the other. They stared at each other, but the distance between them grew longer. No sigh or groan—no growl or move. A pebble fell. It did not start them up. A buzzard sailed leisurely over the canyon, and uttered its harsh note. There were no listeners.

"Drip! drip! drip!"

The ears of the dead were closed—nerves had ceased their play—the pool of blood was growing cold.

Do Your own Repairing.

We think that almost every farmer will agree with us that every farm should have its own workshop, and every cultivator of the land understand how to use it. He may not do so when he first enters upon farming on coming of age; but after a year or two of what we should call apprenticeship, when he finds that to "know how to do things" is absolutely indispensable, he will rapidly learn to attend to most of his own repairing of the ordinary implements and machines upon his premises, instead of incurring delay, expense and uncertainty by depending upon professionals at a distance. Rather than to be without a workshop and the necessary tools, one should be erected expressly for the purpose, in a convenient spot and daily warmed in winter so as to be ready at all times for use, in which many odd jobs can be done also not immediately connected with the farm.

All ordinary wooden repairing ought to be done by the farmer and his hands during rainy days and in winter, when there is plenty of time on hand for that purpose. Every part of a wheelbarrow, except the wheel, ought to be made on the premises; new forks and handles of iron rakes, repairing even some portions of the farm machinery, building of garden and yard fences, repairing roofs, building of corn-cribs, hog-pens, wagon and cart shelvings, making of the frames of hotbeds, and all the many jobs constantly requiring to be done about a well-conducted place too numerous to mention, A person becomes very handy in the use of good tools after a short experience, and saves many a dollar without consuming any time necessary for the usual demands of the farm,

Right Side of Starvation.

Years ago, a man down East quarreled with his wife and moved out of the house into the corn-crib, which was just large enough for himself and his two dogs. He slept here at night for several years—being driven into the kitchen occasionally of a very cold night in order to get warm. His step-daughter having a mortgage on the place, foreclosed it, and last April the constable ejected him. Taking his old horse and two dogs, a buggy-box and springs, without wheels, a useless stove, some shreds of harness and two boxes full of junk, he went to a barn about half a mile distant, which he had rented, but not paying the rent he and his traps were put out into the road, where they have stood, covered with a board over them. His dogs he ties in the woods, shifting them about when people complain of their howling, and his horse, with rags and scraps of carpet thrown over him, grazes in somebody's field. He sleeps out of doors, disdains to beg, cuts stones for horse-blocks, and in this way manages to keep just on the right side of starvation.

Dogs and Their Masters.

At the meeting which has just taken place at Dantzic of the two Emperors who between them sway half Europe, there is mention of the fact that Prince Bismarck arrived to attend the interview "accompanied by his short hand writer and his famous dog," The image of the "Iron Chancellor" who has welded long-divided Germany into one Empire will go down to posterity not quite solitary in its sternness. Beside him will always stand the noble beast whom he has loved, and who, it is said, has more than once saved his life.

Perhaps, as Schopenhauer, with his candid vanity, remarked of himself, "It is always lonely upon the heights," A philosopher who is bored by the folly of his human neighbors, a poet who is disgusted with the vulgarity of mankind, a king, or great noble, who is weary of the toadyism of his courtiers, doubtless may all find relief in the dumb companionship of some faithful hound, who troubles his master with no stupid remarks or petty gossip, and whose flattery is free from suspicion of any deeper interestedness than may arise from covetousness of a a biscuit or ambition for a bone. The greatest Sovereign on earth may safely unbend with his dog, and neither fear to raise insatiable hopes nor to provoke dangerous jealousies, unless it be in less fortunate canine minds. Even this slight inconvenience may be removed when, as in the case of one of the Queen's favorites—a splendid Dachsund—the animal is so perfectly dignified and rigid in his demeanor that he keeps all Her Majesty's inferior terriers and colleys in meek subordination, and is himself generally known as the "Lord Chamberlain" of the canine Court.

Prehaps it would not be too much to say that, as the Aryan race loved dogs more than the Semitic so, among Aryans the Anglo-Saxons have been pre-eminent for the same sentiment. It is true we have among the Celts the dog of Llewellyn (though, alas! Professor Max Muller, we believe, has ferreted out that pleasant tale in another poem in early Sanscrit, leaving on us in spite of Beddlegert, an unpleasant sense of mythical uncertainty); and among the French and Germans, besides the Dog of Montargis, we have innumerable glorified dogs of tradition and poetry. But the tone of nine French writers out of ten, when they talk of dogs, reveals the hollowness of Gallic regard for the loyal beast, which has not half enough of finesse and duplicity to suit the readers of MM. Balzac et Cie. Good honest old Dumas (*l'aine*) might describe poor "Black" in simple and glowing colors; but in more recent French novels "*un mechant chien barbet*," or "*un detestable petit caniche hargneux*," is commonly introduced solely to add a point of ridicule to the old simpleton or disagreeable woman whose steps it follows.

Truth must be told, indeed, that dogs with their wonderful habit of "growing like the thing they worship," seem constantly to become, under French masters and mistresses, less single-minded than we find them, or—as a cruel canine critic has described the species "Chienloup," *par eminence*—"frivolous, volatile, interested, and wholly without conscientiousness." In the same way in Italy dogs are as a rule infinitely less useful than English dogs, and are often treacherous enough to receive caresses graciously, and afterward, when opportunity offers, to turn around and bite. But the very land of dogs, and the land wherein the dog receives most genuine honor, and himself rises to his noblest development of character, is unquestionably England. It is to be deplored that the greatest English poet never drew the character of a noble dog, and condescended to degrade his pen by the miserable caricature of Launce's cur; but since Shakespeare's daps our poets have done what in them lay to make up for the omission. Cowper, Walter Scott, Burns, Byron, Tennyson, the two Brownings, and Matthew Arnold, have all been eminent dog lovers, and have written tender things of dogs, living and dead.

English history is full of records of dogs—noble dogs of Charles I. and Kenelm Digby; pitifully faithful dogs, like the little creature which accompanied Mary Queen of Scotts to the scaffold and laid itself down between the severed head and beautiful neck; silky spoiled favorites, like the spaniels of Charles II., and Diamond, the dog of Sir Isaac Newton, which gave that great philosopher a year's extra trouble by destroying his papers. We have materials for a book of "English Dogs of Dignity;" and, moreover, we have had in England (since the gaunt boarhounds of Synders are rather wild beasts than dogs) the one greatest painter of dogs whom the world has seen—Edwin Landseer, the Titian and Vandyke of the canine race.

A Three-Year Old Colt.

"Do you love music?" she asked.

"Passionately," replied Irwin; "I can whistle 'The Skids Are Out To night' perfectly, and I never heard it before last week."

"How quite!" said Myrtle.

"Altogether too, too," was then answer in soft, low tones that made the girl feel instantly that he loved her.

"They tell me you are very wicked, Mr. Mullican," said Myrtle, as the sound of a Strauss waltz floated in from the ballroom. "Is it so?"

"Well, I have always tried to keep up with the procession," was his answer. "I suppose you will hate me for that."

"Oh, no," responded the girl, quickly. "It is namby-tamby men that are distasteful to me. I like a man whose blood runs wine, not water."

"Do you like Gladstone?" she asked suddenly.

"No," said Irwin. "I lost $80 on him yesterday. He was beaten in a mile dash at the fair grounds."

"Can I ever love this man?" asked Myrtle of herself as they parted that night. "Can I give my soul to one who doesn't know the greatest statesman from a three-year-old colt?"

Two weeks later they were betrothed.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26., '82

THE MILLHEIM JOURNAL

Is published every Thursday, in Musser's Building, corner of Main and Penn streets at

$1.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE

Or $1.25 if not paid in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES.

	1 week.	1 mo.	3 mo.	6 mo.	1 year.
square....	$1 00	$2 00	$3 00	$4 00	$6 00
column...	3 00	4 00	6 00	10 00	15 00
column...	5 00	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00
1 column...	8 00	12 00	20 00	35 00	60 00

One inch makes a square. Administrators and Executors' Notices $2.50. Transient advertisements and locals 10 cents per line for first insertion and 5 cents per line for each additional insertion.
Job Work done on short notice.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,
Editors and Proprietors.

Church & Sunday School Directory.

Evangelical.

P. C. Weidenmyer and J. M. Dick, preachers.

Rev. J. M. Dick will preach next Sunday morning—English.

Sunday School, 2 P. M.—M. I. Jamison, supt.

Methodist.

Rev. J. Benson Akers, Preacher-in-charge.
Preaching next Sunday evening.

Sunday School at 1½ P. M.—D. A. Musser, supt.

Reformed.

Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Pastor.
Preaching in Aaronsburb next Sunday morning—German.

United Brethren.

Rev. Shannon, Preacher-in-charge.

Lutheran.

Rev. John Tomlinson, Pastor.—
Preaching in Aaronsburg next Sunday evening.

United Sunday School.

Meets at 9 A. M.—H. E. Duck, supt.

Lodge & Society Directory.

Millheim Lodge, No. 605, I. O. O. F. meets in their hall, Penn Street, every Saturday evening. Rebecca Degree Meeting every Thursday on or before the full moon of each month.
B. F. STOVER, Sec. R. B. HARTMAN, N. G.

Providence Grange, No. 217 P. of H., meets in Alexander's block on the second Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M., and on the fourth Saturday of each month at 1½ P. M.
D. L. ZERBY, Sec. T. G. ERHARD, Master.

The Millheim B. & L. Association meets in the Penn street school house on the evening of the second Monday of each month.
A. WALTER, Sec, B. O. DEININGER, Prest.

The Millheim Cornet Band meets in the Town Hall on Monday and Thursday evenings.
J. B. Hartman, Sec. John Kreamer, Pres't.

THE NEXT GOVERNOR.

Two Congressmen Whose Opinions are Sadly at Variance.

Special Dispatch to the Times.

WASHINGTON, January 17.

Representative Fisher, of Pennsylvania, said to-day, in relation to the outlook for the campaign in that State next fall: "The slate, in my opinion, is already made up. General Beaver will head the Republican ticket and Mr. Pattison, Controller of Philadelphia, the Democratic ticket. The Independent or Wolfe movement will not cut any essential figure in the contest. At the last election the movement took off votes from both parties in nearly equal proportion, much to the surprise and satisfaction of the Republicans. The indications are that the Democrats and Republicans will both return to their first love before they go to the polls in the fall. A full vote will unquestionably be polled, as the canvass will be red hot from the start to the finish, I am satisfied that General Beaver will be elected Governor by a majority ranging anywhere from twenty to thirty thousand."

A prominent Democrat Congressman from the same State said: "General Beaver will undoubtedly receive the Republican nomination for Governor, but Pattison will not receive the Democratic nomination. He has no strength outside of Philadelphia. He has made an enviable reputation in the role of reformer as Controller of Philadelphia. Running as Governor on the Democratic ticket he would not receive the support of one hundred Republicans in the city of Philadelphia. Thousands of Republicans would vote for him for City Controller, but in a State issue they would stand by the party nominees. A strong movement is on foot to make Judge Trunkey, of the Supreme bench, the standard-bearer of the Democracy of Pennsylvania. He is a learned, honest, popular man, and would receive the support of many Independents. The contest will be an exciting one. If the Cameron wing of the Republican party nominate General Beaver, as they will, the Independents will put up a candidate of their own or else support the Democratic candidate, provided the Democrats will give them some of the subordinate officers on the tickets, as I am of the opinion the Democrats will willingly and gracefully do. Against such a combination or with a popular Independent ticket in the field General Beaver will be beaten badly by a majority ranging anywhere from 20,000 to 50,000."

Judge Ross, of Norristown, who was the Democratic candidate for Supreme Judge 1878, has rather broadly named as a proper candidate for Governor, but he squarely declines the honor and says he is no longer in the political field.

Elected United States Senator.

DES MOINES, Ia., January 18.—James F. Wilson was formally chosen United States senator to-day.

The work of swindling democratic members of congress out of their seats has already begun. The Washington correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun* (independent) says: "The action of the sub-committee on elections of the house in the contested election case from Missouri of Sessinghaus vs. Frost is so extremely partial and partisan as to excite surprise. Frost is the democratic sitting member, and Sessinghaus the republican contestant. It is understood or admitted and proved that certain testimony in favor of the contestant had, after being sworn to before a notary, passed into the possession of his counsel, and secret and unlawful additions and alternations were made. In behalf of the contestee it was moved that this testimony be excluded, and this very proper motion, under the circumstances, has been denied by the sub-committee."—*Patriot.*

Hon. Robert P. Allen, of Williamsport, is becoming a somewhat prominent Democratic candidate for Governor, and the Clinton Democrat thinks he is eminently fit for the high place.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON, *January* 21, 1882.

In the Senate the bill for the retirement of Justice Hunt from the Supreme Court was passed yesterday. Justice Hunt has for a long time been unable to perform any of the duties of his office and by reason of his not yet having attained the age required by law for retirement upon pay, and of the prospect of perpetual disability, this bill was put through with a view to place a man on the bench who could, as far as is possible for one man to do, assist in clearing up the avalanche of business under which the Supreme Court is now laboring. In the House the bill for the retirement of Justice Hunt was informally discussed by the members of the committee, but as it has not yet come formally before the committee no action was taken. Enough was developed, however, to show that the measure would receive almost the unanimous support of the committee.

The rumor that the Secretary of the Treasury will be transferred to the United States Supreme Court in place of Judge Hunt," said a veteran politician at Willard's last evening, "is no idle one. You can bet your last dollar that Judge Folger will again don the ermin. There is every reason to believe that he accepted the Treasury portfolio on the express condition that he would quickly be transferred to the Supreme bench. A significant indication is the fact that since he assumed control of the Department not a single appointment of importance has been made therein. Even when Assistant Secretary Upton resigned, the important place was left vacant, and another was detailed to attend to the duties of that office." Also it is said that Conkling will be sure to step into Folger's shoes in the Treasury.

The Treasury Department has disbursed for interest during the current month $10,935,000 and $2,425,000 in redemption of bonds. There are $70,000,000 standard silver dollars in the Treasury and $32,000,000 silver certificates outstanding.

The Capital, from a social view, is assuming its normal condition; round upon round of receptions, state dinners parties and balls. The heart of the society belle is made glad and the pocket of the society man correspondingly low Only the rich (in Washington) deserve the fair, and they get them too.

The small pox thus far has not visited us to the extent of more than three or four cases, and, while upon all sides it is epidemic The District and outlying country are singularly free, and this in the face of our numerous and squalid population of colored people, who generally are the principal breeders of this and other loathsome epidemics. Should the small pox break out and become serious in its ravages, there would soon be a hegira of the many who go far to make Washington what it is, the most delightful winter residence in America.

President Arthur is overrun with country delegations seekin appointment for home offices. Hardly a day passes but crowds from country districts call on him with petitions, verbal and written, advocating some particular man for this, or that, or the other office. It must be a nuisance to the President; his time is valuable, and so much of it ought not to be taken up in this manner. He is so non-committal that very little satisfaction can be gotten out of him anyway, and it would be better if the petitioners remained home and sent their documents by mail.

The new Postmaster general is weeding out the unnecessary clerks in his Department after a fashion calculated to inspire any feeling but comfort and securiyt among his immense staff. A number find their discharges made out each morning, and that, too, without the usual donation of a month's pay. Evidently the gentleman from Wisconsin has found something rotten in his recent acquisition.

WILLIS.

NEW RULES IN THE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS' OFFICE.—

At the first meeting of our new board of County Commissioners the following resolutions and rules were adopted, which commend themselves as eminently proper and necessary:

Resolved, That the present board of commissioners be governed by the following rules and regulations, and for the information of the public it is ordered that they be published for four successive weeks in each newspaper of the county:

1st. That the commissioners meet in their office in the Court House, Bellefonte, on the first and third Tuesday of each month, at ten o'clock, A. M., and remain in session until four o'clock, P. M.

2nd. All goods and materials for the use of the county must be purchased by the commissioners or by their order.

3d. All bills presented to the board for payment must be itemized; and no order shall be drawn for any bill until the board has approved the same.

4th. No goods or material of any kind for the use of the county shall be furnished by any of the commissioners.

JOHN WOLF,
H. C. CAMPBELL, } Commissioners.
A. J. GRIEST,

Attest:
W. MILES WALKER, Clerk. 2-4t

STRAY NOTICE.—Came to the residence of the subscriber, in Haines township, about Oct. 1st a stray bear, weighing about 130 pounds, white with black spots, left ear slit, no other marks. The owner is requested to take the same away and pay charges, otherwise it will be sold as the law directs.

CHARLES N. WOLF.
Haines township,
Jan. 3. 1882. 3t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration having been granted to the undersigned upon the estate of Jared Fulmer, late of Miles township, deceased, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said estat are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JOHN K. HOSTERMAN,
2-6t Administrator.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of Daniel Kreamer, late of Penn township, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are hereby notified to make immediate payment, and those having claims against the same, to present them duly authenticated for settlement.

JAMES P. COBURN,
Executor.
Aaronsburg, Jan. 5th 1882. 6t

STRAYED OR LOST.—Two heifers have strayed away from the residence of the subscriber, in Woodward, since the later part of July. They are dark brown, one a little heavier with white spot on either side. Any person finding these heifers is kindly requested to give information to me.

DANIEL VONADA.
6t.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.—Letters testamentary on the estate of John Eby, late of Haines township, Centre county, Pa., deceased, having been granted to the subscribers, notice is hereby given to all persons knowing themselves indebted to said estate to make immediate payment; and those having claims against the same to present them duly authenticated for payment.

MICHAEL EBY,
SAMUEL EBY,
49-6t Executors.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had **thirty-five years' experience.**

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, **$3.20** a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub's. of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

L. C. & S. C. RAIL ROAD.

TRAINS LEAVE WESTWARD.

	1 A. M.	3 A. M.	5 P. M.	7 P. M.
Montandon	7.00	9.45	2.20	6.45
Lewisburg ar	7.15	10.00	2.35	7.00
Lewisburg lv	7.25			
Fair Ground	7.30	10.06	2.40	
Biehl	7.41	10.21	2.51	
Vicksburg	7.47	10.30	2.57	
Mifflinburg	8.03	10.51	3.13	
Millmont	8.25	11.20	3.35	
Laurelton	8.35	ar 11.35	3.46	
Wicker Run	9.00		4.11	
Cherry Run	9.17		4.30	
Fowler	9.37		4.50	
Coburn	9.48		5.02	
Spring Mills	10.15		ar 5.30	

TRAINS LEAVE EASTWARD.

	2 A. M	4 A. M.	6 P. M.	8 P. M.
Montandon ar	6.50	ar 3.30	ar 1.20	ar 6.30
Lewisburg	6.35	9.15	1.05	6.15
Fair Ground		9.10	1.00	6.10
Biehl		9.01	12.48	6.00
Vicksburg		8.56	12.42	5.55
Mifflinburg		8.43	12.25	5.40
Millmont		8.25	12.02	5.20
Laurelton		8.15	11 50	5.10
Wiker Run		7.48		4.47
Cherry Run		7.31		4.30
Fowler		7.10		4.10
Coburn		6.58		4.00
Spring Mills		6.30		3.30

Trains Nos. 1 and 2 connect at Montandon with Erie Mail west for Williamsport, Lock Haven, Kane, Corry and Erie, and Buffalo and Niagara Falls via Emporium, also Elmira, Watkins, Buffalo and Niagara Falls via Canandaigua.

Nos. 3 and 4 connect with Pacific Express east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

Nos. 5 and 6 connect with Day Express east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and Niagara Express west for Williamsport, Lock Haven and Renovo, Tyrone, Altoona and Pittsburg via Lock Haven, also Elmira, Watkins and Buffalo, and Niagara Falls via Canandaigua.

Nos. 7 and 8 connect with Fast Line west for Williamsport and Lock Haven.

No. 8 also connects with Erie Mail east for Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington, Philadelphia and New York.

PENNSYLVANIA RAIL ROAD.
Philadelphia & Erie R. R. Div.

WINTER TIME TABLE.

On and after MONDAY, Dec 19th, 1881, the trains on the Philadelphia & Erie Railroad Division will run as follows:

WESTWARD.

ERIE MAIL leaves	Philadelphia	11 35 p. m
" "	Harrisburg	4 25 a. m
" "	Sunbury	6 30 a m
" "	Williamsport	8 40 a. m
" "	Lock Haven	9 40 a. m
" "	Renovo	11 05 a. m
" "	Kane	3 50 p.m
" arr. at	Erie	7 45 p. m
NIAGARA EXP. leaves	Philadelphia	8 00 a. m
" "	Harrisburg	12 15 p. m
" "	sunbury	1 50p.m
" "	Williamsport	3 15 p. m
" "	Lock Haven.	4 20 p. m
" "	Renovo	5 30 p. m
" arr. at	Kane	10.05 a. m
FAST LINE leaves	Philadelphia	11 20 p. m.
" "	Harrisburg	3 05 p. m.
" "	sutbury	5 15 p.m.
" "	Williamsport	7 10 p. m.
" arr. at	Lock Haven	8 10 p. m.

EASTWARD.

Lock Haven EX. leaves	Lock Haven..	7 50 a. m
" "	Williamsport.	9 05 a. m
" "	Sunbury	10 50 a m
" arr. at	Harrisburg ...	12 5 5 p. m
" "	Philadelphia.	5 15 p. m
FAST LINE leaves	Canandaigua	7 05 d. m
" "	Watkin	8 40 p. m
" "	Elmira	9 30 p. m
" "	Williamsport	12 15 a. m
" "	Sunbury	1 32 a. m
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 15 a. m
" "	Philadelphia	7 00 a. m
DAY EXPRESS leaves	Kane	6 00 a. m
" "	Renovo	10 05 a. m
" "	Lock Haven	11 15 a. m
" "	Williamsport	12 15 p. m
" arr. at	Harrisburg ..	3 30 p. m
" "	Philadelphia	7 05 p. m
ERIE MAIL leaves	Erie	11 35 p. m
" "	Kane	4 10 a. m.
" "	Renovo	9 00 a. m.
" "	Lock Haven	10 10 p. m.
" "	Williamsport	11 30 p. m.
" "	Sunbury	1 05 a. m
" arr. at	Harrisburg	3 00 a. m
" "	Philadelphia	7 00 a. m

Erie Mail and Fast Line and Pacific Express East make close connections at Northumberland with L. & B. R. R. trains for Wilkesbarre and Scranton.

Erie Mail West, Niagara Express West and Fast Line West make close connection at Williamsport with N. C. R. W. trains north

Niagara Express West and Day Express East make close connection at Lock Haven with C. E. V. R. R. trains.

Erie Mail East and West connect at Erie with trains on L. & M. S. R. R.; at Corry with B. P. & W. R. R.; at Emporium with B. N. Y. & P. R. R., and at Driftwood with A. V. R. R.

Parlor cars will run between Philadelphia and Williamsport on Niagara Express West and Day Express East. Sleeping cars on all night trains.

WM. A. BALDWIN, General Sup't.

The Model Grocery.

S. P. KERSTETTER,
Proprietor.

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Dealer in first class Groceries of all kinds, Flour and Feed, Wood and Willow Ware.

Queensware a Speciality.

sell a *White Granite Tea Sett*, 46 *pieces, for* $300. All other Queensware in proportion.

STORE CLOSED!

THE

BEE HIVE STORE



OF

LOCK HAVEN

Was Closed Friday, January 6th, 1882, to mark down the entire stock of Dry Goods, to close them out before taking account of stock February 1st, 1882.

We will enumerate some of our Greatest Bargains, beginning in the

DRESS GOODS DEPARTMENT

In this we will offer you an elegant line of brocade dress goods at 6¼ cts; a lot of all wool 23-inch cashmere at 12½ cts, these are in black only; a lot of fancy plaids greatly reduced, a lot of all wool armures greatly reduced, together with a full line of all wool cashmeres in black and colors.

Fancy flannel suitings in all the newest shades.

Plain silks in black and colors. brocade silks in black and colors, Satins, Satin Marveloo, &c.

NOTION & HOSIERY DEPARTMENT.

In this line of goods we will save you 20 PER CENT. during this great sale; we have reduced all goods in this department as in every other, such as Hosiery, Gloves, Buttons, Laces, Fringes, Gimps, Corsets, in fact everything in Notions that is kept in a first class dry goods store.

Great Reduction in Woolen Goods.

Such as ladies' cloaking, men and boys' suitings, cassimeres, flannels, jeans, satinetts.

Great reduction in table linens, towels and napkins; of this goods we have an immense stock and are offering them cheaper than ever before known.

Great Reduction in Carpets,

Oil cloths—floor and table, white and colored blankets; a good grey blanket for 75 cents, fine 5-ply Carpet Chain at 25 cents.

We would call particular attention to our

COAT AND SHAWL DEPARTMENT.

We will sell you during this great sale an all wool dolman, nicely trimmed

FOR 6 DOLLARS!

Our shawls we have reduced greatly. We would rather sell them now

LESS THAN COST

than carry them over the season.

Gents', Ladies' and Children's Underwear.

On these goods we will guarantee to

SAVE YOU 20 PER CENT

by buying them now of us during the great sale. Great reduction in 5-4 6- 9-4 and 10-4 sheeting and pillow casing.

GREAT REDUCTION

in our entire line of Domestic Dry Goods. such as Calicoes, Muslins, Ginghams, Shirtings, Tickings and all kinds of staple Dry Goods During this great sale we will offer the

Most Extraordinary Bargains ever offered by any store in Lock Haven:

Ftrst. On account of the class of goods we offer

Second. The immense stock from which to select.

Third. The prices to which we have marked them.

OUR TERMS during this great sale at prices to which we have marked our goods, will be EXCLUSIVELY FOR CASH.

Sale began January 7th, 1882, to continue TO FEB. 1ST., 1882 ONLY. Everybody should call at once and see the inducements we offer for cash to reduce our stock.

WANTED—1000 *Poundi of Good Tub Washed WOOL in Exchange FOR CASH.*

BEE HIVE STORE

65 MAIN STREET, LOCK HAVEN, PA.

J. F. Everett & Co.

THE

PHILADELPHIA

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Now stands confessedly at the head of Philadelphia journalism in all that makes a thoroughly complete, general and family newspaper. It is more complete in its news, in its special correspondence, in its varied contributions on all subjects of popular interest, and in all the qualities of a newspaper for the family circle and for the business man than any of its contemporaries, because its facilities and resources are equal to every want of a first-class national journal.

"THE WEEKLY TIMES" has nearly doubled its former large circulation during the past year. Its contributors from week to week are among the foremost men of the nation, and no department of news or literature is slighted in any number on any pretext. It is adapted as well to women as to men; hence, although its political intelligence is full and accurate and its political editorials free and fearless, liberal provision is made for literary, dramatic and musical matters, travels and adventure, fiction, poetry, fashions and the chronicle of current social events. In all these departments the pens of the best writers are engaged, while selections from other journals are made with care, taste and fullness that are unsurpassed.

THE "ANNALS OF THE WAR"—chapters of unwritten history contributed by prominent actors in the war of the rebellion, are a valuable feature of the paper and have become a recognized repository of such matters, whether from Northern or Southern sources. This department, as well as all others, will be kept fully up to the high standard of former years.

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We are now offering the largest stock and greatest variety of

Furniture, House Furnishing Goods, &c.

in the State. : : : : BEYOND COMPETITION, consisting in part of Rich and Furniture

All the latest Designs

in Walnut, Oak, Cherry, Mahogany and Ebony. We make a

Specialty in Parlor Suits,

and will sell them lower than any Party in the state. Prices ranging FROM $30 TO $500. If you contemplate buying a

PIANO, ORGAN OR SEWING MACHINE,

it will pay you to write us for prices. We also carry a large line of extra Super, Body and Tapesty Brussels Carpets.

A Good Brussels Carpet at 70 cts. per yard.

Our stock of Plain Cut and Engraved Table Glass-ware, Plain and Decorated French China, Silver Plated-ware, Lamps and Chandeliers, &c.

is well worth your inspection. Our sales exceed those of any House in our line in the state.

LOW PRICES DO IT.

We extend an invitation to you to visit us and will take pleasure in showing you through our various Departments.

MITCHELL, LEWIS & CO., Racine, Wis.

Manufacturers of *FARM AND FREIGHT WAGONS.*



THE MITCHELL STANDARD PLATFORM SPRING WAGON.

Also Three-Spring and Four-Spring Wagons, and Side-Spring Buggies.
The MITCHELL WAGON is Monarch of the Road; only the very best stock used in its construction and made by the best wagon mechanics in the world. The Spring Wagon and Buggy Department is entirely separate from the Farm Wagon shops. And for the manufacture of this class of work we have facilities unsurpassed. Send for Catalogue and Illustrated Price List.

MITCHELL, LEWIS & CO., Racine, Wis.

GO TO

SIMON BROTHERS.

THE BOSS CLOTHIERS

for your Clothing.

45 MAIN STREET,

LOCK HAVEN.

A. SIMON & SONS,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS,

keep the largest stock in the city.

143 MAIN STREET,

LOCK HAVEN.

The Millheim Journal.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 26., '82.

DEININGER & BUMILLER,

Editors and Proprietors.

Local Department.

—Our doctors are busy vaccinating.

—Musser & Gephart report the grain trade at Coburn very brisk.

—Jesse Wert's load of wheat of 52 bushels was unloaded at Stover & Co's elevator, at Coburn, in four minutes.

—The ice crop is now ripe—ready to cut. Many have already housed their supplies.

—Prof. Kurzenknabe is now engaged in teaching a large singing class at Swengle, Union Co.

—Stover & Co's., pay the highest prices for all kind of grain, lumber and shingles. All kind of coal constantly on hand at lowest prices.

—John B. Shafer and David Shafer, twin brothers, of Miles township, delivered the first wheat into Stover & Co's elevator at Coburn.

—Our old friend S. O. McCurdy is in luck. He was recently appointed mail agent, to run from Harrisburg to Lock Haven. We congratulate you, Samuel.

—Dave Ulrich will have a neat, comfortable home, by degrees, on the outskirts of the borough. The latest improvement Dave made is a good large stable.

—Notwithstanding the cold air Main street was crowded on Tuesday morning by the juvenile part of the population of our town to see the wonderful tricks performed by two *Bruins*.

—Mr. Jacob Wolf continues to act as agent for the Lewisburg Dye Works. Shawls and other garments left at the Journal Store will receive attention. Bring them in. tf

—B. F. Klepper, that pleasant, genial fellow was here again; and what is better he gave us several brand new dollars. Ben is one of your whole-souled men and he is welcome every trip.

—J. A. Limbert, the newsmail contractor, has procured a fine new wagon and is prepared to carry express packages and other goods from Coburn to Woodward and all intermediate points at reasonable charges. tf

—Every thing in the line of gentlemen's wear from an overcoat down to a pair of hose, can be bought at Lewin's Philadelphia Branch store, Bellefonte at prices lower than the lowest. You can save money by buying from Lewin.

—A fine line of Family Bibles, Presentation Bibles, Photograph Albums, Velvet Frames, French Vases, Beautiful Scrap Pictures, Paper Boxes, and a great variety of Fancy Goods generally. Splendid S. School, Day School and Visiting and other Cards—all very cheap, at the Journal Store. tf

—Wilson's Humpty Dumpty drew a fair crowd last Saturday evening. Their comical performances were well enjoyed by the audience and kept them in a laughing humor all evening. The Company will have another entertainment next Friday evening with a new programme.

—We learn from the Bellefonte papers that John Seiler and Thomas Depo, both of Fowler station, in crossing Nittany mountain in a stage coach the other Tuesday, got into an ugly fight, in which Seiler was badly used up. Depo was arrested in Bellefonte and placed under bonds for his appearance at court. It is thought that an old grudge was at the bottom of the matter.

—Wash Stover is such a kind, gentle, even-tempered, good-natured fellow that nobody ever thought he could get cross under any circumstances, or possible combination of circumstances. But that impression is a big mistake. Just ask him how heavy his *hog* weighed and a madder man you never saw. He gets fierce and dangerous as a loosened tiger. No indeed—they can never coax us to ask Wash such a question again.

A Veteran of The Cross.—Rev. J. G. Anspach came to Mifflinburg in the year 1831, and, since that time has delivered 7,224 sermons, exclusive of funeral discourses. Confirmed during the same period, 2,765; Buried, 1,469; Married, 942; Adult baptisms, 185; Infant baptisms, 3,172. He is now in his 81st year and still an active minister, having three charges—Ray's church, Farmersville congregation, and the Union Church in Buffalo Twp.

—We have a big "crow to pick" with Mr. Meek, of the *Watchman*, and Major Forster, of the *Democrat*, for spreading *reports* about us and calling us names; and the first time we catch either of them on our own hunting ground they will have to answer for their bad manners: Portly, forsooth! We are just as snug and neat as Mr. Meek! just as goodlooking as the Major, any day of the week—and as regards our moral *karrakters* (we here speak in the plural) the less there is said about that, the better all round.

—The Philadelpaia Times Almanac, for the year 1882, is on our table. It is brimful of valuable information prominent among which are the election laws of Pennsylvania, game and fish laws, list of state and United States officials, complete election returns for 1881, list of county officers throughout the state &c. It is the most complete year book of the kind published and an indispensable help to the country editor.

Important.—To those contemplating marriage—that is those who soon expect to be married—that means such as expect to go to housekeeping soon after they are married—it is very important to know just where to go for good and cheap furniture. W. R. Camp's at Centre Hall, is exactly such a place. He makes the best kind of furniture and sells really cheap. Whether you need a Chamber suit, parlor suit, lounges, chairs, or any other article in his line, you can do as well as anywhere in the county. Just try Mr. Camp, and you will find that we tell you the square truth in the matter. 2t

A Sad Picture.—When on that cold, stormy Monday morning (the 23nd inst.) we saw no less than forty of our citizens, neighbors and friends, depart for Bellefonte, parties and witnesses in three separate criminal suits, each one consequent to the others, we could not help moralizing on the subject in its entirety. How much better if people could settle their difference at home. What an amount of costs, bad blood and bitter heartburnings could be avoided, if people, instead of pursuing imaginary "rights", would be more forbearing and forgiving. These three suits will cost the parties and the county not less than $1000, and when over the litigants will hardly be better satisfied than before.

If only the money thus thrown away, worse than uselessly, to say nothing of the injury and demoralizing effects upon the community, were spent to build churches, to educate the young, to establish public libraries, to feed and clothe the poor, how much good could be done, how much could the aggregate happiness of society be enhanced. There is an abundance of material for sober reflection on this line.

BELLEFONTE LETTER.

Bellefonte, Pa., Jan. 24th, 1882.

Speaker Keifer may imagine he has cast upon Gov. Curtin's record an indelible blot, by refusing to place him upon committees to which he rightfully belonged. Petty vindictiveness of this sort is more becoming fools and children; but wherefore one as high in the councils of the nation as Keifer, should allow those who control him, to make an ass of him, I cannot see.

You will excuse the pride I felt upon noticing the Journal on the file in the Y. M. C. A. reading room, of this place.

The car works now employ about three hundred men and are running on full time.

A great many of your people are attending court.

A superior quality of ice is now being housed by our ice men.

The new county officers are proving themselves capable to properly discharge their duties, and are much liked and respected by the general public.

The 99 cent store folks have like the Arab, silently folded their tents and stolen away.

Mr. L. T. Munson is book-keeper at the glass works. Visitors will not be admitted; this order was made necessary by the crowds of boys, that daily frequented the busiest part of the work and seriously interfered with the workmen.

The lecture of Dr. J. Jay Villers on Monday of last week, was really a good thing. The announcement of one to follow shortly will be made this week.

***

A Beautiful Episode.—The other week a surprise donation was had at the residence of that aged and beloved minister of the gospel, Rev. Father Anspach, of Mifflinburg, that deserves more than a passing notice. The matter was not confined to the membership of Mr. Anspach's church. The whole community took part. Rev. A. C. Whitmer, Rev. Dr. Grier, Rev. A. M. Barnitz and Rev. S. Henry the resident ministers of the place, and Rev. Mr. Rice, a visitor, were all present. The *Telegraph* thinks that about four hundred persons were at the parsonage, the most of them bringing their "pounds" of some useful household necessity. Rev. S. Henry made a very fitting address to the dear old man, to which the venerable pastor responded, deeply affected in the following brief but golden words:

Ladies and Gentlemen: "Your visit this evening was wholly unexpected on my part—not anticipated, and takes me completely by surprise. I accept, as you certainly intend it, as a testimonial of your love and affection, which is indeed most gratifying, and shall be cherished while memory lasts. Accept, dear friends, my heartfelt thanks, as well as the thanks of my family. Especially pleasing is the fact that all my colleagues in this place are here assembled at one time—a thing that has not happened during my ministerial labor in this village and vicinity—a period of fifty-one years. Many changes have occurred in that time. Nearly, if not all, of those then residing here have gone to their eternal home. Let us all so live that when the time for our departure comes, we may all join the redeemed in heaven. Prayer was then offered by Rev. Dr. Grier, and after personal congratulations and a general hand-shaking the large crowd dispersed to their homes.

A $20.00 Bible Reward.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* in the prize puzzle department of their *Monthly* for February offer the following easy way for someone to make $20.00:

To the person telling us which is the shortest verse in the Old Testament Scriptures by February 10th, 1882, we will give $20.00 in gold as a prize. The money will be forwarded to the winner February 15th, 1882. Those who try for the prize must send 20 cts. in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the March number of the *Monthly*, in which will be published the name and address of the winner of the prize, with the correct answer thereto. Cut this out; it may be worth $200.00 to you. Address, Rutledge Publishing Company, Easton, Pa. 2t

News Miscellany.

How a Husband May Make His Wife Happy.

Always complain of being tired and remember that nobody else gets tired.

Your wife should always have everything in readiness for you, but you should not do anything for her.

When your wife asks for money give her a nickel and ask her what she intends to do with it.

Then go down town and spend ten times the amount for cigars, for they are a necessity.

Go down town of an evening, stand around on the corner and talk politics; it's more interesting than to stay at home with your family.

Charge your wife not to gossip, but you can spin all the yarns you like.

Have your wife get up and make the fires, but don't you get up until the rest of the family are eating breakfast, as you might take cold.

Wear old cloths and make yourself as untidy as possible until your wife's health fails, then it would be best to fix up some, for in all probability you will want another when she is gone.

Have a smile for everybody you meet, but try and get a frown on before reaching your house.

The Hanging Crop For 1881.

The past year has been a busy one for the official hangman in this country The number recorded is ninety. Of course this does not include those who were compelled to make the short shift allowed by vigilance committees. The most liberal in the application of the hempen cord was Arkansas. In Ohio fifteen were hanged. South Carolina hung ten, Georgia eight, Missouri six, New York and Tennessee five each, Pennsylvania four, Florida, Colorado, Alabama, Texas, Mississinpi and North Carolina, each three; California, Illinois, Maryland, New Jersey and Vermont, two each, and each of the following named States and Territories one: West Virginia, Oregon, Louisiana, Nevada, Idaho, Arizona, Indian Territoty, New Mexico and Washington. In several of the States not mentioned capital punishment has been abolished. This absence from the list, therefore, will not be mistaken as indicative that they are free from the ugliest of criminals. The murderers are always with us.

At a meeting of the board of pardons at Harrisburg the following cases were finally disposed of and pardons refused:

Henry and Frank Rumburger, Dauphin county, murder, and sentenced to be hanged.

John A. Nevling, Clearfield county, murder and sentenced to be hanged.

Jonathan Moyer, Snyder county, murder and sentenced to be hanged.

Joseph G. Allison, Indiana county, murder and sentenced to be hanged.

Frank Small, Allegheny county, murder and sentenced to be hanged.

The case of Israel Erb, of Snyder county, convicted of murder, was held under advisement.

The supreme court of Pennsylvania has recently decided that "a promissary note which bears the genuine signature of the obligator, but which was, in fact, obtained from him by fraud and under the impression that he was signing an entirely different instrument, is a valid obligation against him, and in the hands of a bona fide purchaser or assignee for value, before maturity."

Lawyer Scoville,—in his blind zeal to clear his brother-in-law, the black-hearted assassin Guiteau, goes beyond all bonds of propriety and decency, in charging Grant, Conkling, Arthur as being "morally and intellectually responsible for" the murder of President Garfield. We certainly take no stock in these men, either as individuals or as leaders of the Stalwart wing of the Republican party. As politicians—for they are not statesmen—they are bad and only bad. The damnable spoils system, of which they are the chief advocates and representatives, has done more to demoralize and corrupt our rotten civil service than all other causes combined. But to charge them, even in a lawyer's plea, with an almost direct responsibility for the great crime, is entirely too far-fetched for argument, or to make the impression intended. It is illogical and indecent and will recoil with increased force upon Scoville's own head, while it can do the miserable Guitean no good whatever.

A Committee That Commits.

From the Philadelphia Times.

Following is the list of offenders who have been convicted and served or are now serving terms of imprisonment for violation of the election laws committed since the committee of one hundred was organized:

Thomas Rean, illegal voting, two months; William Cannon, corruptly influencing an elector, six months; Joseph White, making a false return, six months; Henry Jones, recording illegal votes, forty days; William Tully and John Keating, making a false return, six months each; Daniel Dixon, B. F. Krisher, James Crawford, making a false return, nine months each; Hugh Ferguson, James Beatty and Andrew Kelly, making a false return, eight months each; Thomas McKane and Samuel Irvini, making a false return, nine months each; David Mouat, altering a tally sheet, two years; Henry Maloney, Charles Connors and Milton B. Smith, receiving votes without requiring legal proof, one month for Maloney and two months each for Connors and Smith; Michael Leonard, illegal voting, three months and $100 fine.

In addition to the above convictions, nineteen altogether, the following persons are yet to be tried on offenses for which they are now under bail: Henry Gavitt, casting false and fraudulent vote in the Ninth division of the Tenth ward; John Krussan and Henry Knell, disregarding challenges in the Twenty-second division of the Thirty-first ward Mathew Patton, four charges—receiving illegal votes, receiving votes without requiring proof, corrupt solicitation and interfering with an election officer in the Seventh division of the Eigth ward; Thomas Maher, Jr., and Isaac Street, making a false return in the Twenty-sixth division of the Twentieth ward.

In commenting on the above convictions yesterday Thomas W. Barlow, who, with R. P. White, represented the committee of one hundred and initiated all the prosecutions before the Magistrates, spoke in high terms of District Attorney Graham for the able manner in which he had conducted the trials.

MARRIED.

On the evening of the 18 inst., at the Reformed partsonege, Aaronsburg, Pa., by Rev. C. W. E. Siegel, Mr. Abraham Sherk, of Laurelton, Union Co., to Miss Ellen S. Stover, of Aaronsburg.

On the 12th inst., at the house of M. L. Rishel, Esq., in Gregg township, by Rev. W. E. Fisher, Mr. Joseph S. Houtz, of Missouri, to Miss Mary J. Dunlap, of Farmers Mills Pa.,

On the 22nd inst., at the Evangelic parsonage, Madisonburg, by Rev. W. H. Stover, Mr. W. H. Swartz of Millheim, to Miss Annie E. Mingle, of Aaronsburg.

DIED.

On the 6th inst., near Millmont Union Co. Pa., Mr. John Ruhl, aged 88 years 3 months and 2 days.

On the 16th inst., near Hartleton, Mr. Jacob Frederick, aged 56 years, 3 month and 25 days.

On the 13th inst., in Raines township, Ida Minerva, daughter of John and Maria Frederick, aged 18 months and 21 days.

Millheim Market.

Corrected every Wednesday by Gephart & Musser.

Wheat	1.25
Corn	80
Rye	85
Oats White	50
Buckwheat	
Flour	6.50
Bran & Shorts, per ton	25 00
Salt, per Brl	1.75
Plaster, ground	10.00
Cement, per Bushel	45 to 50
Barley	
Timothyseed	2.00
Flaxseed	
Cloverseed	4.00to 4.90
Butter	35
Hams	12
Sides	10
Veal	
Pork	
Beef	
Eggs	22
Potatoes	1.25
Lard	11
Tallow	
Soap	6
Dried Apples	5
Dried Peaches	
Dried Cherries	

COAL MARKET AT COBURN.

Egg Coal	$5.00
Stove "	5.20
Chestnut	4.80
Pea	3.50
Pea by the car load	3.20

Fifty cents per ton additional when delivered in Millheim.

DR. J. W. STAM

is now permanently located at

MILLHEIM,

and will give prompt attention to all medical calls at his office in

C. F. Deininger's house on Main Street.

Try Dr. Stam's Specific Pile Medicine—it gives instant relief.

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Proprietor.

My Factory has all the machinery and facilities of a first class establishment of its kind. My experience in the business extends over many years, both in this country and in Europe, and am therefore enabled to do strictly first class work at moderate prices.

THE JOURNAL STORE,

Millheim, P.,

has accepted an agency from me. All goods brought there for dying will be returned free of extra charge.

READERS!

When in want of a pair of Boots, Shoes or Rubbers send to Kamp's Lock Haven and you can get them as low as in Philadelphia or New York. If they don't suit you, you can return them and get your money back. First class goods at low prices is my motto.

JACOB KAMP.

To Country dealers, I will sell at wholesale prices, freight added.

P. GEPHART D. A. MUSSER

GEPHART & MUSSER

DEALERS IN

Clover Seed, Flour, & Feed, Coal, Plaster & Salt

MILLHEIM PA.,

Highest market price paid for all kinds of

GRAIN

Delivered either at the BRICK MILL or at the old MUSSER MILL, in MILLHEIM.

COAL, PLASTER & SALT

Always on hand and sold at prices that defy competition.

A share of the public patronage respectfully solicited. 38-1y

POTTERY

Millheim, Centre Co., Penna.

ULRICH & CO.,

PROPRIETORS,

would most respectfully inform the public that they are now prepared to manufacture everything in their line of first class quality. They have found a superior kind of clay and will constantly keep on hand a full line of

CROCKERY, BREAD & PIE DISHES, PLAIN & FANCY FLOWER POTS, STOVE COLLARS, &c.

ysHoping to merit the confidence of the public as furnishing the best grade of ware they would epectfully solicit a share of its patronage. 1y

CENTRE HALL

Furniture Store

WM. R. CAMP,

PROPRIETOR.

Walnut & Fancy Chamber Suits, Lounges, Bureaus, Bedsteads, Sinks, Washstands, Parlor Tables, Breakfast Tables, Extension Tables, Wood and Cane Seat Chairs, Mattresses, Spring Beds, and everything else in the Furniture line at the lowest prices. I hope to merit the patronage of the public by good work and moderate prices. Please call and see my stock before you go out of your own valley for your furniture. You can do fully as well at home as you can anywhere else.

TRY ME!

ANNUAL

CLOSING SALE

Heavy Winter Goods!!!

Although the year just closed has been a very favorable one and our sales for 1881 were fully fifty per cent greater than in 1880, and our December trade the largest we ever had, yet owing to the unfavorable weather for heavy winter goods, we have a large stock of

OVERCOATS,

in nearly all grades and sizes at present. Also

Winter Gloves,

and

Winter Caps,

any of which will be sold at COST and some below COST. If you desire a good Overcoat cheap now is the best chance you will get for a long time.

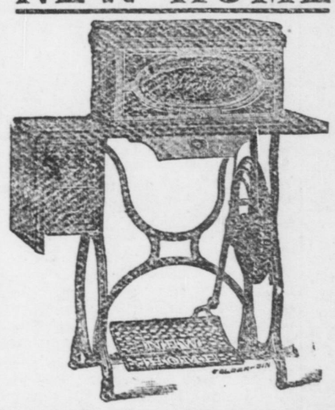
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LOCK HAVEN, PA

THE ONLY PERFECT SEWING MACHINE.

THE LIGHT-RUNNING

NEW HOME



Rapidly superceding all others wherever introduced.

Pronounced by an army of happy purchasers to be the BEST.

The NEW HOME is positively The Simplest, Easiest Running, Most Reliable, and Most Durable Sewing Machine ever invented.

It operates Quickly, Quietly, and without fatigue to the operator.

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Write for our Diary, mailed free.

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The celebrated Washington Vein of

ROOFING SLATES

for Roofs, &c., from the famous Slate quarries of Slatington, Lehigh County, Pa.,

Can Now Be Bought

at the most reasonable rates of the undersigned who is a practical Slate Roofer of many years experience. Those in want of Slate and Roofing done can secure the same at the

VERY LOWEST RATES.

Old buildings re-roofed at the lowest rates, without the assistance of other mechanics. For prices and termes call on or write to the undersigned at H. K. Whitman's residence, Broadway Street, near P. & E. Depot. Milton Pa.,

DUAN NEFF,

Agent.

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PAYNE'S FARM ENGINES.



Vertical & Spark-Arresting Engines from 2 to 12 horse-power, mounted or unmounted. Best and Cheapest Engines made. $150 upwards. Send for Illustrated Catalogue U for information and price to

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Attorney-at-Law.

BELLEFONTE, PA.

Office on Allegheny steeet, two doors west of office formerly occupied by the firm of Yocum & Hastings.

S. H. YOCUM,

Attorney-at-Law,

BELLEFONTE, PA.

AGBICULTURAL.

Seeding Land to Grass.—Probably nine-tenths of the farmers of the Untted States sow all their grass seed in the spring, and usually can give no better reason than that they have always done so, and their fathers before them. Many of them do not know that any other season will answer for seeding. On the majority ot farms, in this latitude, August and September are better thah spring, as a crop of oay may be obtained the following season, whether the grass seed be sown alone, or with wheat or rye. I have sown grass seed witn wheat in early September, on land not subject to heaving, and taken a good crop of each the following season. Clover seed will necessarily have to be sown in the spring, as the young plants are liable to winter-kill. Where the frost heaves the ground in winter or spring, after seeding with or without grain, it pays to roll the whole field with a heavy roller, first sowing the clover seed. If the plants stand firm and well the smooth ing harrow may be substituted for the roller. The roller, or harrow, should be used as early in spring as the surface becomes dry enough to crumble. In many cases it is good policy io sow grass seed alone. For instance, one has a "run out" meadow, and wishing to keep it in grass, can plow down the sod as early in spring as possible to work it well, apply a good surface dressing of manure, harrowing it in well. making a fine seed bed, and on this sow the varieties of grass and clover seed desired. Usually a fair crop of hay may be made from the land the same season, and a better one the season following, Lands may thus be seeded in early fall to good advantage. For instance, take any sward land that hardly pays the expense of mowing it, and plow it in August and treat it as above, sowing it immediately to grasses, including clover, which will become well rooted before winter sets in, and a good crop of hay may be reasonably expected the next season. Any other land than sward may be thus seeded, if done in August (provided it be sufficiehtly fertile), and produce a good crop of hay the following season.

Grain Sheds.—It would save a good many dollars in the end to those of our wheat growers who have not barns if they would build cheap sheds in which to stack their grain. The losses the past fall on account of ruined wheat stacks have been more than enough to build sheds for the whole grain crop of the State. A good model for such structures we recently saw on the farm of Mr. C. Le Vesconte of Hastings. The posts were sixteen feet in height, and set fifteen feet apart. The length of the sheds was perhaps thirty feet. Over the top was a cheap board roof. The wheat was stacked perpendicularly up to the eaves, instead of an incline, as is necessary in a stack in the open field, and consequently it was impossible for the rain to drive into it. For posts Mr. L. had taken small trees, while for boards for roof he had used some which had come out of an old building. The estimate cost of such a shed with new boards is placed at $1 per acre. Under four of these buildings he had stacked eighty acres of wheat which was as dry as when cut. Of course on the prairie it would be impossible to secure trees for posts, in which case sawed timber would be necessary. Four inch square scantling would be sufficient and would last a good many years if the end which went into the ground were charred. Such a shed would not need much scientific work on it, and could be constructed in a day by any farmer with a little help from his boy or hired man. In threshing, the straw might be stacked up against the sides and ends, and the shed converted into a stable, under which the stock might find shelter in the day time, if not at night. Later on it would be a handy place to leave the seeder or plow, or whatever farm implement was drawn in from the fields after the day's work was done. They are certainly good things in every way, and from their cheapness ought to have a place on every farm where there is no barn.

The department of agriculture reports that returns up to the 1st show a decrease in the cotton crop of 33 per cent in Louisiana, 40 per cent in Texas, nearly 60 per cent in Arkansas, and 30 per cent in North Carolina. In South Carolina, Georgia and Mississippi the crop will be not much below that of last year. Florida reports a decrease of 15 per cent; Alabama an increase of 13; Tennessee a decrease of 42. The average yield of wheat for 1881 is 10½ bushels per acre against 13 1-10 in 2880, a decrease of about 20 per cent, or 100,000,000 bushels. The falling off is in the interior, caused by the severe winter, late, cold spring, drought and insect ravages. The quality of the reduced crop is generally good. The average yield per acre of corn is 20½ bushels, 25 per cent less than in 1880, caused by drouth during the growing season, excessive rain during harvest, and the chinch bug. The quality is below the average. In Wisconsin and Minnesota, however, there is a decided increase over last year's yield.

Making Butter. We hope every farmer who has cows that give milk, will make all the butter they possibly can. It is said that butter making begins at the stable—let it end there. The fact is, butter is so high in our markets at this time, and probably will be all winter, that there is no one thing the farmer can turn an honest penny this late fall and early winter, so readily as making butter. As the cows will soon, if not already, be in the stables let it be remembered that the "stalls must be clean and the animals kept neat; even the air of the stables must be free from foul odors. When milk is once contaminated, and it is a wonderful active absorbent of gases, nothing can be done to make it perfectly pure again. More butter is spoiled "at the pail," than during any other process through which the milk and butter pass. The udder is not properly cleansed or the hands of the milker are foul, and in many ways the milk receives that which ever after remains to contaminate.

American beef is regarded in England as of a superior quality, but they think the mutton we send there is not to be compared in flavor or tenderness with that of home production. The reason for this is that our sheep are generally treated in a way to favor the growth of their fleeces, without much consideration of the quality of the mutton.

It is to be observed that while France has been suffering under the phylloxera scourge, Spain and Italy have been increasing their acreage of vines. In 1879 Spain exported wine to the value of 170,000,000 francs, in 1880 to the value of 225,000,000 francs. The area in Italy planted to vines is now nearly as large as that of France, and much of it has been put out within the past five years. Conventions to discuss grape culture, and exhibits to display the products of the vine, are becoming common in Italy. But raisin culture is not becoming naturalized to any extent outside of Spain. The newer vineyard districts of Europe are chiefly wine districts. The best of them are beginning with American vines, There are few places where submergence can be resorted to with profit.

HUMOROUS.

A Sad affair:—He was a proud old Pennsylvanian, and when Evangeline approached him on the subject of her marriage with young Augustus De Courcy, he turned pale with anger, while the perspiration stood out like soap bubbles on his high patrician brow. "Father," she pleaded, "there is nothing against him; he is of good family; he is industrious; he never chews nor drinks nor smokes nor frequents billiard saloons and he has never been in jail." "No, but he ought to have been," fiercely exclaimed the pallid and trembling aristocrat. This very morning I learned that he once held a position in the Philadelphia Tax Office." The fair girl, uttering a cry of horror, fell in a fit at his feet, and Augustus De Courcy moved to Ohio.

Love in Chicago: "You must kiss me twice in the very same place, George, or I can never be your bride." "Are you certain of this, Myrtle? Is there no appeal from this decision?" "None whatever," answered the girl. Looking lovingly into Myrtle's deep blue eyes, George bent over and kissed the sunny-haired beauty on her right cheek, just aft of where a chunk of gum lay silently. "And if I do not kiss you again we must part forever?" he asked. "Yes," replied Myrtle. "Then good evening," he said, in cold, cruel tones. "You have unwittingly released me from my vows," and with a hoarse, piratical laugh he leaped over the front gate and was gone.

[Logan, (Ohio) Hocking Sentinel.]

Hocking Valley News.

In the absence of anything startling or terrific,—politics and the exploits of the army worm excepted,—news from this delightful valley will not prove nerve-tingling. However an item of very great importance to many people is communicated by Mr. F. Harrington, Wholesale and retail Druggist of Logan who thus writes: Mr. Alex. McClurg, Union Furnace, states that his wife had been afflicted with rheumatism for the last twenty-five years, being unable to walk without canes or other help the most of that time; has now used two bottles of St Jarob's Oil and walks not only about the house but also in the fields without any helps.

A tariff discussion: Jimmy Tuffboy is up to the times in all matters of public discussion. "Coming out skating this morning?" shouted his best friend. "Well, hardly. The governor has put so high a tariff on my going skating this year that I can't compete with his strap. But I'll play foot ball with you. The old man's free trade on that." And the two had a first-class tussle in the back yard and went into the house to have their clothes mended and a map of Africa drawn in court plaster alto relievo on their faces.

Stylish head gear: "I don't know why it is, Mrs. Miggs, but your bonnet looks more stylish every time I see it. I hope my sight is not becoming affected." "Have no fears, my dear," reassuringly observed Mrs Miggs. "There is no illusion in the matter. The effect is due entirely to the hat. Every time I come home I get Mr. Miggs to sit down on it, and everybody tells me its such an improvement."

A Palpable hit: A countryman who had selected a seat at the theatre from which he could obtain a good view of the stage was greatly discouraged when a young lady wearing a fashionable hat sat down in front of him. He bore the affliction in silence as long as he could and then, bending forward, said politely: "Please, Miss, would you be so kind as to lower your umbrella?" She lowered it amid the applause of the audience.

A Considerate friend: Some people, when they are tight, are very considerate. Not long since Gus De Smith, being under the influence of a dinner party, called at the residence of Colonel McSpillkins on Austin avenue. "Ish Colonel McSpilkinsh in? I want ter see him on 'portant biznish." "Yes, sah," responded the dusky menial. "Sho heesh in, is he? Well, ef heesh in, never mind disturbin' him on my account. I'll call again shom day when he's out."

[Saginaw Daily News.]

Mr. George Schick informed our reporter, that he had been suffering with rheumatism in his feet so badly, that for weeks at a time he would be unable to leave his bed. He tried various remedies without relief, and concluded to use St. Jacob's Oil. It acted like magic. In two days, he was entirely cured.

He took a seat: "Why are you so late, love?" she asked, as he came staggering home at 3 A. M. "S-S-Smith," was all he could utter. "What—Smith!" she echoed. "Did I-I-I say Smith?" he queried; "I meant B-B-Brown." "What—Brown!" she said, in agony. "N-no, n-n-no, not Brown," he continued, "J-J-Jenkins." "This is too much," she shrieked. "That's w-w-what I t-told 'em, he said, as he sat down on an invisible chair.

Slight omission: A woman who carried around milk in Paris said a naive thing the other day. One of the cooks to whom she brought milk looked into the can and remarked, with surprise, "Why, there is actuallly nothing there but water!" The woman having satisfied herself of the truth of the statement, said: "Well, if I didn't forget to put in the milk!"

Advice to a cigarette smoker: Yes, Algernon, Heaven indeed tempers the wind to the shorn lamb. But then you must remember the lamb was shorn forcibly against his will; he didn't go and deliberately pawn his ulster for $3,65 when he knew perfectly well that July wasn't going to last all winter. Go to, Algernon, get thee to a nunnery.

A matter of authorship: "Who wrote the Book of James in the New Testament?" asked a Sunday school teacher in a Missour ivillage, and a little fellow at the foot of the class. who keeps up with the news of the day, shouted: "The James boys."

Brown in a bad way: "I met Brown just now," said Pringy; "he looked fearfully glum. "What's the matter with him? A note gone to protest?" "No," replied Brown's clerk, they've sent him word that his note is overdue and he has gone to protest."

A young English lady who is doing the Alps, reports progress to her guardian: "I tried to climb the Matterhorn; didn't reach the top. It's absurdly high; everything is high in this country. Please send me some money."

A Punched sixpence: "I'd have you to know, sir, that I moved in the best circles before I came to this country," said a native of Albion. "They kept you moving all the time, didn't they, until you were forced to move out of England?" queried Fenderson.

Theatre burned: "I tell you," exclaimed the theatre manager, "that Miss Buskin had a splendid reception. The house was fairly ablaze with enthusiasm." "Yes," said Fogg, dryly, "as the house was all paper, it was easily set ablaze."

Sudden changes of temperature are very productive of Coughs and Colds, which always yield, however, very promptly to Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

Milk of human kindness: "But your honor," says the accused, "this is a case of suicide." His honor—"?" The accused—"He always said he wanted to commit suicide, but that he hadn't the courage. So, then, I helped him!" His honor—"But why, afterwards did you take his watch?" The accused (with a shrug) "Why, because he didn't need it any more!"

Two children are playing together in a garden. The little sister says to her little brother: "Which would you rather be, a little flower or a little bird?" The young man, after a moment's reflection—"a little bird, because it eats!"

An Enormous Traffic.—Pittsburg boasts that 849,746 bottles of Carboline have been sold within the last six months. This shows that the great Army of baldheads will soon be reduced to a corporal's guard.

All doubts dissipated: "Do you ever take anything?" asked an Austin candidate, leading a prominent citizen into a saloon. Do I ever take anything? Don't you remember I have been a member of the legislature?" That settled it. He took something.

Contentment: "Don't be forever sighing for wealth, my son," counseled John's father; "be content with what you have." "I intend to be content when I have it," replied John.

"How are You My Old Friend?"

Asked a bright looking man. "Oh! I feel miserable, I am billous and can't eat, and my back is so lame I can't work." "Why in the world don't you take Kidney-Wort? that's what I take when I'm out of sorts, and it always keeps me in perfect tune. My doctor recommends it for all such troubles." Kidney-Wort is the sure cure for biliousness and constipation. Don't fail to try it.—*Long Branch News.*

Spoony dry goods clerk to smart miss trying on a hat before a glass: "Don't I wish I was a looking glass!" Smart miss: "Yes perhaps you'd get more girls to look at, you then." Clerk collapses and is carried out.

Do you go to Sabbath school, my lad?" kindly asked a city missionary of a depraved little Dubuque urchin. "Nary," answered the innocent child, "but I've got a fitin' cock that can walk over any bird in this town that wears gaffs."

It is a fact that can not be denied, that for headache, biliousness, fever and ague, etc., "Sellers' Pills" have no equal.

And add a few for good count: "Ask no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady friend. She will never fail to give the information.

Avoid eccentricity: "No," said the bank cashier, "I didn't need the money. I wasn't speculating. I had no necessity for stealing it. But, hang it, I didn't want to be called eccentric."

"Great Blood Tonic," for the cure of all blood diseases—"Dr. Lindsey's Blood Searcher." Has no equal.

A pun as old as Shakespeare: "I go against my will," murmured she sweetly, as she fondly leaned on William's arm as they meandered to the theatre.

It was not Mrs. Partingdon, but another old lady of the same maternal build, who said the other evening, that she wished the calcium days of her youth would return.

Young, middle aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send two stamps for a large treatise, giving successful treatment. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

"I don't have to carry any samples now," said Charley, the commercial traveler. "Except your cheek," suggested Fogg, under his breath. "That is ample."

A Considerate man: "Buy your Christmas presents now," is the legend that meets us in the window of an uptown store. Thank you for the advice, but we always let our friends buy them for us.

Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have advised many ladies to try your "Favorite Prescription" and never see it fail to do more than you advertise.

Yours truly, Mrs. A. M. Rankin,
141 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.

Shakespeare corrected: The man who said all the world was a stage and the people actors didn't have it correct. It should have been all the world's a printing office and every fellow takes a hand at playing the devil.

A Smart clerk: "This safe it empty—call at the house," was a sign which burglars found on a safe in a Green Bay office. They called at the house and robbed it of $600, and that smart office clerk hasn't got the big head any more.

Answer this—Is there a person living who ever saw a case of ague, biliousness, nervousness, or neuralgia, or any disease of the stomach, liver, or kidneys that Hop Bitters will not cure?

Kept up with the procession: Slobson, speaking of old times. says: "When I used to be in the Surveyor's office I was of very little use in drawing my maps, but when it came to drawing my salary I never used to take a back seat for any of the boys."

It works both ways. Fogg says to love your neighbor as yourself is a good rule; but one should also love his neighbor's neighbor. Fogg says he is his neighbor's neighbor.

She was impressed: Angelina. "I have been to hear Rev. Mr. Mistinguish. He gave us a beautiful sermon. He is a very learned man, you know," Frank, "What makes you think so, dear?" Angelina. "Oh. I know he must be Frank. I couldn't understand all that he was talking about. But it was a beautiful sermon.

Educational: A ten-thousand dollar education on a five-dollar boy is money thrown away.

Power of journalism: The girl pressed the leaves, but the boy pressed the girl. The press is mighty and must prevail.

Sporting item: Wasn't Adam the first man to sell the race!

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

The Purest and Best Medicine ever Made.
A combination of **Hops, Buchu, Mandrake and Dandelion,** with all the best and most curative properties of all other Bitters, makes the greatest **Blood Purifier, Liver Regulator,** and Life and Health Restoring Agent on earth.
No disease can possibly long exist where Hop Bitters are used, so varied and perfect are their operations.
They give new life and vigor to the aged and infirm.
To all whose employments cause irregularity of the bowels or urinary organs, or who require an Appetizer, Tonic and mild Stimulant, Hop Bitters are invaluable, **without intoxicating.**
No matter what your feelings or symptoms are what the disease or ailment is use Hop Bitters. Don't wait until you are sick but if you only feel bad or miserable, use them at once. It may save your life. It has saved hundreds.
$500 will be paid for a case they will not cure or help. Do not suffer or let your friends suffer, but use and urge them to use Hop B
Remember, Hop Bitters is no vile, drugged drunken nostrum, but the Purest and Best Medicine ever made; the "INVALIDS FRIEND and HOPE" and no person or family should be without them.
D.I.C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Drunkenness, use of opium, tobacco and narcotics. All sold by druggists. Send for Circular. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co., Rochester, N.Y. and Toronto, Ont.

TAKE THE



THE GREAT
BURLINGTON ROUTE.

No other line runs Three Through Passenger Trains Daily between Chicago, Des Moines, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Lincoln, St. Joseph, Atchison, Topeka and Kansas City. Direct connections for all points in Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho, Oregon and California.
The Shortest, Speediest and Most Comfortable Route via Hannibal to Fort Scott, Denison, Dallas, Houston, Austin, San Antonio, Galveston and all points in Texas.
The unequaled inducements offered by this Line to Travelers and Tourists, are as follows: The celebrated Pullman (16-wheel) Palace Sleeping Cars, run only on this Line, C., B. & Q. Palace Drawing-Room Cars, with Horton's Reclining Chairs. No extra charge for Seats in Reclining Chairs. The famous C., B. & Q. Palace Dining Cars. Gorgeous Smoking Cars fitted with Elegant High-Backed Rattan Revolving Chairs for the exclusive use of first-class passengers.
Steel Track and Superior Equipment, combined with their Great Through Car Arrangement, makes this, above all others, the favorite Route to the South, South-West, and the Far West.
Try it, and you will find traveling a luxury instead of a discomfort.
Through Tickets via this Celebrated Line for sale at all offices in the United States and Canada.
All information about Rates of Fare, Sleeping Car Accommodations, Time Tables, &c., will be cheerfully given, and will send *Free* to any address an elegant *County Map* of United States, in colors, by applying to
PERCEVAL LOWELL, Gen. Pass. Agt., Chicago
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CHRISMAS MUSIC.

Christ the Lord. Just out. Cantata for Christmas, by W. Williams. For Mixed Voices. Easy and attractive music. Choirs and Societies can easily learn it for a Xmas performance. 80 cents.

Send for List of Christmas Carols.

Beauties of Sacred Song. Gilt edition $3.; Cloth $2 50; Boards $2. A noble present for those who love the best. 58 of the most successful songs of the day, by 40 famous composers.

Rhymes and Tunes. Charming collection of Household songs, lullabies and Kindergarten Plays ($1 50.)

Gems of English Song. $2. bds.; $2 50 cl.; $3. gilt. The new and most favorite collection.

Norway Music Album. $2 50. Poetry and music of the Vikings of the North. Wild and beautiful.

Franz' Album of Song. $2. bds.; $2 50 cl.; $3. gilt. Franz's own edition of his famous German songs.

Christmas Cantata. (80 cts.) By Gutterson. 17 good Choruses, Quartets, Solos, etc. Sacred words and spirited music.

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PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WORLD
Embracing full and authentic accounts of every nation of ancient and modern times, and including a history of the rise and fall of the Greek and Roman Empires, the middle ages, the crusades, the feudal system, the reformation, the discovery and settlement of the New World, etc., etc.
It contains 672 fine historical engravings, and is the most complete History of the World ever published. Send for specimen pages and extra terms to Agents. Address, National Publishing Co., Philada., Pa.

DIVORCES CHEAPLY, WITHOUT PUBlicity, Desertion, Incompatibility, all causes; for parties any State. Advice confidential and free. Counsellor Blodgett, 165 & 167 Broadway, Room 8, N. Y. City.

JERSEYS, BERKSHIRES, COTSWOLDS, BRONZE TURKEYS, PEKIN DUCKS, LIGHT BRAHMAS, COLLIE DOGS, **C. P. MATTOCKS,** Portland, Me.

A. **BEATTY'S PIANOFORTES.**—Magnificent holiday presents; square grand pianofortes, four very handsome round corners, rosewood cases. three unisons. Beatty's matchless iron frames, stool, book, cover, boxes, **$222 75 to $297 50;** catalogue prices, $800 to $1000; satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded, after one year's use; **Upright Pianofortes** $125 to $255; catalogue prices $500 to $800; standard pianofortes of the universe, as thousands testify; write for mammoth list of testimonials. **Beatty's Cabinet ORGANS,** cathedral, church, chapel, parlor, **$30** upward. Visitors welcome; free carriage meets passengers; illustrated catalogue (holiday edition) **free.** Address or call upon **DANIEL F. BEATTY,** Washington, New Jersey.



In the market: Young housekeeper: "Have you a calf's head? I think John would like one for dinner." "Yes, we have one nicely cleaned. Shall I send it up?" "And have you any quail? I think quail on toast would please him." "Some just in this morning." And let me see a loin of beef. Is it quite season for venison yet?" "No. Shall I send the calf's head, quail and loin of beef?" Well, no. I guess not. You can give me a half a pound of pork steak."

New Bloomfield, Miss, Jan. 2, 1880.
I wish to say to you that I have been suffering for the last five years with a severe itching all over. I have heard of Hop Bitters and have tried it. I have used up four bottles, and it has done me more good than all the doctors and medicines that they could use on or with me. I am old and poor but feel to bless you for such a relief by your medicine and from torment of the doctors, I have had fifteen doctors at me. One gave me seven ounces of solution of arsenic; another took four quarts of blood from me. All they could tell was that it was skin sickness. Now, after these four bottles of your medicine, my skin is well, clean and smooth as ever.

HENRY KNOCHE.

Cyclones are observed to extend over a circle from 100 to 500, or, sometimes 1.000 miles in diameter. In the West Indies they are sometimes as small as 100 miles in diameter, but dilate to 600 to 1,000 miles on reaching the Atlantic, They sometimes however, contract, increasing greatly in violence during the process.

If you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

A new swimming device consists of a light frame, carrying a float and longitudinal shafts, the latter having at one end a small screw propeller. The swimmer reclines on the float, and, grasping a hand crank in each hand and placing his feet on two foot cranks, proceeds rapidly and easily, with his head far enough above the water to be comfortable.

Habitual Costiveness

is the bane of nearly every American woman. From it usually arises those disorders that so surely undermine their health and strength. Every woman owes it to herself and to her family to use that celebrated medicine, Kidney-Wort. It is the sure remedy for constipation, and for all disorders of the kidneys and liver. Try it in liquid or dry form. Equally efficient in either.—*Boston Sunday Budget.*

A strong tea made of common mullen leaves and sweetened with sugar has been known to cure the worst and most advanced cases of consumption, even after bleeding at the lungs has commenced. The medicine should be continued from three to six months. Young or old plants are good, dried in the shade and kept in clean bags.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound has done thousands of women more good than the medicines of many doctors. It is a positive cure for all female complaints. Send to Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham.

To give glass great brilliancy; wash with a damp sponge dipped in spirits, then dust with powdered blue or whiting tied in a thin muslin bag, and polish with chamois skin,

Important to Travelers.

Special Inducements are offered you by the Burlington Route. It will pay you to read their advertisement to be found elsewhere in this issue.

Anybody can float in the water if the hands and arms be kept under the water and the mouth shut. The lesson is very easily learned, and once remembered, is invaluable.

The Gods Help

those who help themselves," and Nature invaribly helps those who take Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure.

True greatness is sovereign wisdom. We are never deceived of our virtues.

A Benefactor of Mankind.

P. Magnus M. Mayr. O. S. B., Cath. priest, New Trier, Dacota Co., Minn., writes to P. Neustaedter & Co., sole manufacturers of *Anakesis,* Dr. Silsbee's Infallible Cure for Piles: I used only four of the *Anakesis* beans; the first two without observation of the prescript, therefore without success! My case was very difficult, lasting many years. I wrote for other medicaments to support the first doses; meanwhile I took the second and third globulus according to ordinance, and since four weeks and two days after using the moistened pills, *I am cured.* Dr. Silsbee is really a benefactor of mankind. I suppose I will have no need of the second box and even not of the first one! I am cured, but I will keep it for my fellow-citizens suffering under like pain, and send hereby the two dollars, an unspeakable small amount for so great a benefit. Thanks be to God.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,
P. Magnus M. Mayr, O. S. B., Cath. priest.

Samples of *Anakesis,* the Great External Pile Remedy, are mailed *free* to all sufferers on application to P. Neustaedter & Co., Box 3946, New York.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co. Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood.

Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

Messrs. Morgan & Headly, Mutual Life Building, Tenth and Chestnut streets, have on hand a superb stock of extra fine quality Diamonds, which they offer at as low prices as stones of the first quality, perfect alike in color and shape, can be sold for.

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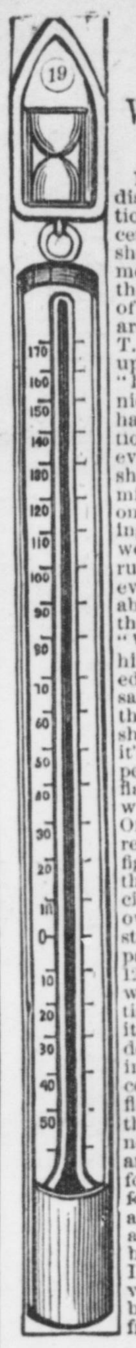


STOMACH
BITTERS

In Hosts of Families

Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is as much regarded as a household necessity as sugar or coffee. The reason of this is that years of experience have proved it to be perfectly reliable in those cases of emergency where a prompt and convenient remedy is demanded. Constipation, liver complaint, dyspepsia, indigestion and other troubles are overcome by it.
For sale by druggists and Dealers, to whom apply for Hostetter's Almanac for 1882.

THE COUNTRYMAN
IN THE
Weather Signal Office.



Mr. Jeremiah Toadvine, of the rural district, brought a letter of introduction to the United States Signal Officer, and by the latter gentleman was shown the beautiful scientific instruments for measuring and determining the various changes and conditions of the weather. Pointing to the standard thermometer he explained to Mr. T. the uses of the heat gauge, whereupon Mr. T. anxiously inquired if he "hadn't nuther un to spare—sich a nice merchine to sot the weather in hayin' and harvest time." His inspection of the aerometer or wind measurer evoked the expression: "Wouldn't she be the racket to run the wind mill with." The barometer was one too many for Toadvine, and, looking queerly at the official, as if he were utterly nonplussed and bankrupt of words, said: "Friend, did you ever have the reumatis?" The abruptness of the question surprised the officer, who replied, "No—never." "What"— Evidently recollecting himself, Mr. T. stopped on the ragged edge of the threadbare remark, and said: "I only wanted to know, for if this trap (pointing to the barometer) shows the good 'an' bad weather afore it's time, it would be a bully trap for people with reumatis; they could flank it every time. Up my country when folks has it they use St. Jacobs Oil, an' it's a powerful argyment agin reumatis—it's the upper dorg in the fight every time." With thanks for the unexpected information, the official politely turned Mr. Toadvine over to the usher to show him to the street car, while he, looking over his paper, read: "Mrs. T. A. Gist, No. 1204 Walnut street, Philadelphia, Pa., writes: I had inflammatory rheumatism very badly. In one foot and ankle it seemed to have taken hold with the determination to stay, and the morning I obtained the St. Jacobs Oil I could not put my foot down to the floor, even for an instant. I used it that evening for the first time, and the next morning for the second time, and that afternoon put my foot down for several minutes. On the Sunday following I could stand up and walk a few steps. On Tuesday could walk about my room and went down stairs by holding on to the banisters. Now I can walk quite well and there is very little pain left. Just think! one bottle and a half, and I am almost free from pain! It is a wonderful medicine.

KIDNEY-WORT
THE GREAT CURE FOR **RHEUMATISM**
As it is for all diseases of the **KIDNEYS, LIVER AND BOWELS.**
It cleanses the system of the acrid poison that causes the dreadful suffering which only the victims of Rheumatism can realize.
THOUSANDS OF CASES
of the worst forms of this terrible disease have been quickly relieved, in a short time
PERFECTLY CURED.
KIDNEY-WORT
has had wonderful success, and an immense sale in every part of the Country. In hundreds of cases it has cured where all else had failed. It is mild, but efficient, **CERTAIN IN ITS ACTION,** but harmless in all cases.
It cleanses, Strengthens and gives New Life to all the important organs of the body. The natural action of the Kidneys is restored. The Liver is cleansed of all disease, and the Bowels move freely and healthfully. In this way the worst diseases are eradicated from the system.
As it has been proved by thousands that
KIDNEY-WORT
is the most effectual remedy for cleansing the system of all morbid secretions. It should be used in every household as a
SPRING MEDICINE.
Always cures BILIOUSNESS, CONSTIPATION, PILES and all FEMALE Diseases.
Is put up in **Dry Vegetable Form,** in tin cans, one package of which makes 6 quarts medicine.
Also in **Liquid Form, very Concentrated** for the convenience of those who cannot readily prepare it. *It acts with equal efficiency in either form.*
GET IT OF YOUR DRUGGIST. PRICE, $1.00
WELLS, RICHARDSON & Co., Prop's,
(Will send the dry post-paid.) BURLINGTON, VT.
KIDNEY-WORT

MRS. LYDIA E. PINKHAM, OF LYNN, MASS.,



LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S
VEGETABLE COMPOUND.
Is a Positive Cure
for all those Painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best female population.
It will cure entirely the worst form of Female Complaints, all ovarian troubles, Inflammation and Ulceration, Falling and Displacements, and the consequent Spinal Weakness, and is particularly adapted to the Change of Life.
It will dissolve and expel tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development. The tendency to cancerous humors there is checked very speedily by its use.
It removes faintness, flatulency, destroys all craving for stimulants, and relieves weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.
That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use.
It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.
For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.
LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND is prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, also in the form of losenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Send for pamphlet. Address as above. *Mention this Paper.*
No family should be without LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S LIVER PILLS. They cure constipation, biliousness, and torpidity of the liver. 25 cents per box.
Sold by all Druggists.

Those answering an advertisement will confer a favor upon the advertiser and the publisher by stating that they saw the advertisement in this journal (naming paper.

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Pure blood makes sound flesh, strong bone and a clear skin. If you would have your flesh firm, your bones sound without caries, and your complexion fair, use Radway's Sarsaparillian Resolvent.
A remedy composed of ingredients of extraordinary medical properties essential to purify, heal, repair and invigorate the broken-down and wasted body—QUICK, PLEASANT, SAFE and PERMANENT in its treatment and cure.
No matter by what name the complaint may be designated, whether it be Scrofula, Consumption, Syphilis, Ulcers, Sores, Tumors, Boils, Erysipelas, or Salt-Rheum, diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys, Bladder, Womb, Skin, Liver, Stomach or Bowels, either chronic or constitutional, the virus of the disease is in the BLOOD which supplies the waste, and builds and repairs these organs and wasted tissues of the system. If the blood is unhealthy, the process of repair must be unsound.
The Sarsaparillian Resolvent not only is a compensating remedy, but secures the harmonious action of each of the organs. It establishes throughout the entire system functional harmony, and supplies the blood-vessels with a pure and healthy current of new life. The skin, after a few days use of the Sarsaparillian, becomes clear and beautiful. Pimples, Blotches, Black Spots and Skin Eruptions are removed; Sores and Ulcers soon cured. Persons suffering from Scrofula, Eruptive Diseases of the Eyes, Mouth, Ears, Legs, Throat and Glands, that have accumulated and spread, either from uncured diseases or mercury, or from the use of Corrosive Sublimate, may rely upon a cure if the Sarsaparillian is continued a sufficient time to make its impression on the system.
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FEVER and AGUE cured for 50 cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow and other fevers (aided by Radway's Pills) so quickly as Radway's Ready Relief.
It will in a few moments, when taken according to directions, cure Cramps, Spasms, Sour Stomach, Heartburn, Sick Headache, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Colic, Wind in the Bowels, and all Internal Pains.
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THE TRUE RELIEF.

Radway's Ready Relief is the only remedial agent in vogue that will instantly stop pain.

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Perfect Purgatives, Soothing Aperients, Act Without Pain, Always Reliable, and Natural in their Operation.

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Perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse and strengthen.
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Observe the following symptoms resulting from Diseases of the Digestive Organs: Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fulness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructions, Sinking or Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffering Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs Before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and Sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
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